managed to snatch away from me, whatever I had to say, just at the right moment, and placed that, before me, exactly in the language in which I would have put it myself, so that a shake of the head or a twitch of the eye-lash suggestive of assent, dissent or surprise, sufficed for my purpose.

After having talked to me in this way for some time, they prepared to move and when they reached the gates by a roundabout path, I also approached there; and as I was watching them from a distance, the European warder from the guard-room, near the gates, asked me regarding the girl in pink, as to who she was. I really did not know what to say and only smiled, just to give him the chance for making to Ms own guess. This European warder happened to be a Christian, belonging to the Eurasian community in Madras and used to be very kind and friendly to me, treating me like his own younger brother. He guessed my meaning from the smile I gave, and said, "I understand what you mean, she is your fiance; but you are making a mistake, they

are not
earthly beings/* 1, however, could not under-
stand, how they could be anything other than